

# AMUSED TO NO END



AMUSED  
TO  
NO  
END

A story  
by  
Steve Willis  
and  
Brad W. Foster

Published by  
Jabberwocky Graphix  
PO Box 166255  
Irving, TX 75016

Entire contents  
copyright 1986  
by  
Brad W. Foster  
and  
Steve Willis

Publication 130

Send \$1.00 for  
complete  
catalogue



YA KNOW, the REAL DIFFICULTY IN STARTING A PROJECT WITH VIRTUALLY NO GUIDES IS THAT, WITH INFINITY TO SELECT FROM, ONE IS OVERWHELMED BY CHOICES, and OFTEN ENDS UP DOING NOTHING AT ALL!



I MEAN, TAKE **THIS** VERY BOOK AS AN EXAMPLE. TO the READER IT IS A **FINISHED** PROJECT—THEY HOLD the **PHYSICAL** PROOF of THAT IN THEIR HANDS, THERE CAN BE NO DOUBTS AS TO the PROGRESSION OF EVENTS, NO MATTER HOW BIZARRE.



BUT for **US**, LIVING IN the PRESENT TENSE of the ACTUAL CREATIVE MOMENT, the FUTURE IS A TOTAL **BLANK** THAT WE MUST EXERT OUR OWN ENERGIES TO FILL. I WONDER HOW **STEVE** WOULD HANDLE GETTING the BALL ROLLING?

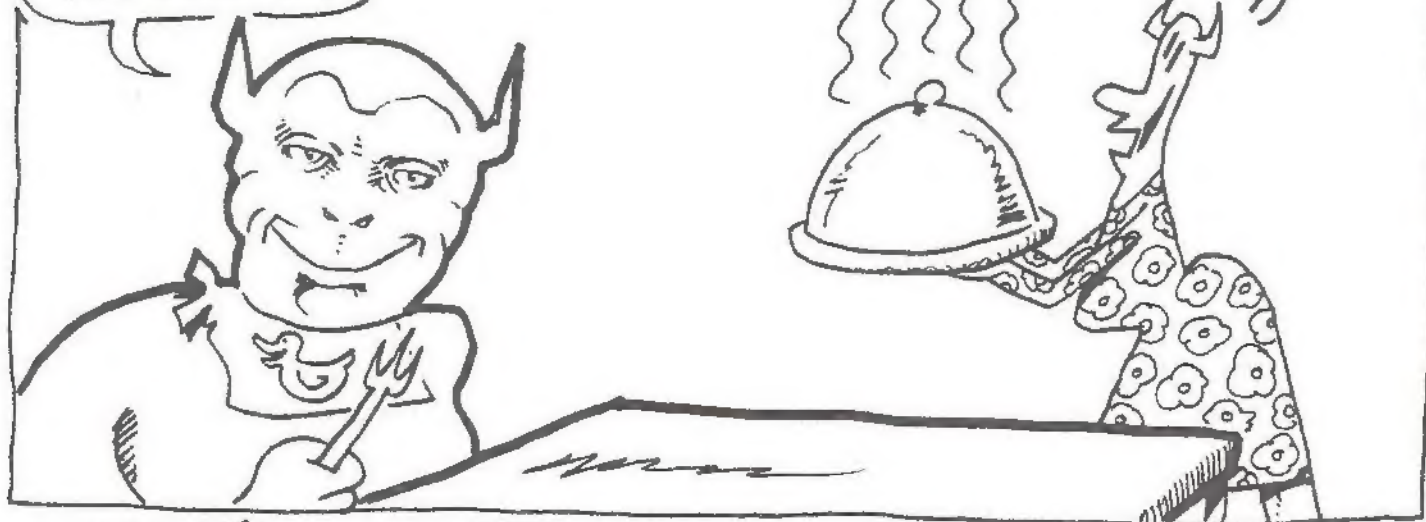


»BELCH!» EXCUSE ME, I BELCHED...



... AND NOW, HONEY, WHAT'S  
FER DESSERT?

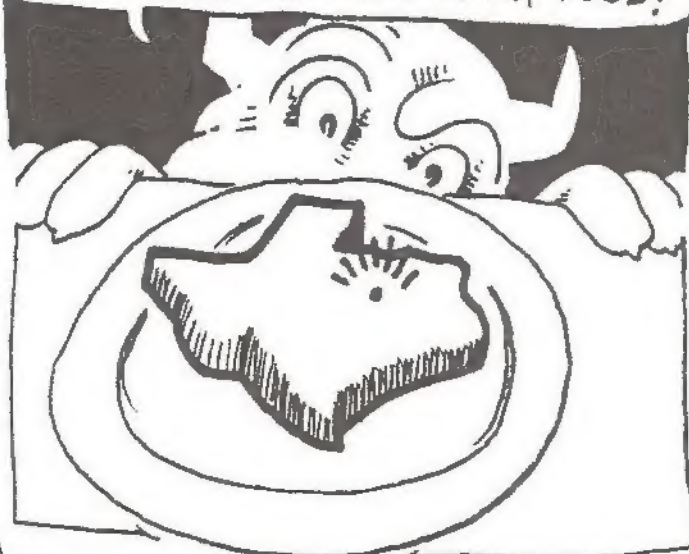
WE HAVE A CULTURAL DESERT DESSERT...



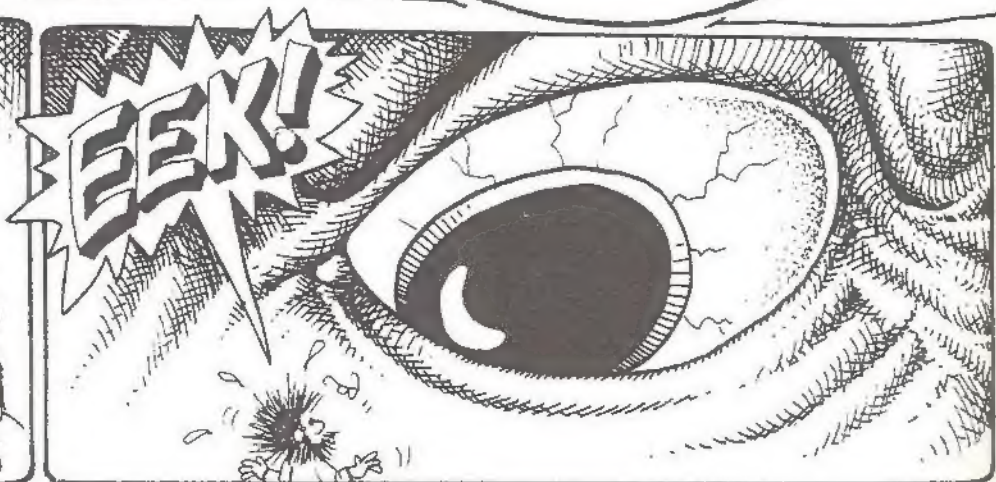
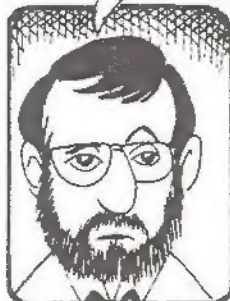
TEXAS!

YUMMO!

WAIT A MINUTE, THERE'S A BUG WITH  
BEARD AND GLASSES IN MY FOOD!



YOU EVER GET  
THE FEELING  
YOU WERE  
BEING LOOKED  
AT?





THIS SITUATION CALLS FOR AGGIE  
INGENUITY! (AND ABOUT A HALF-  
MILLION IN GOVERNMENT SURPLUS  
PARTS).....

NO PEEKING  
**TOP  
SECRET**  
CONSTRUCTION  
SITE

SOON....



IT'S FILLING  
THE ROOM!



THOSE GOLDANG  
HORNED GEEKS  
UPSTAIRS HAVE  
GONE TOO FAR  
THIS TIME!

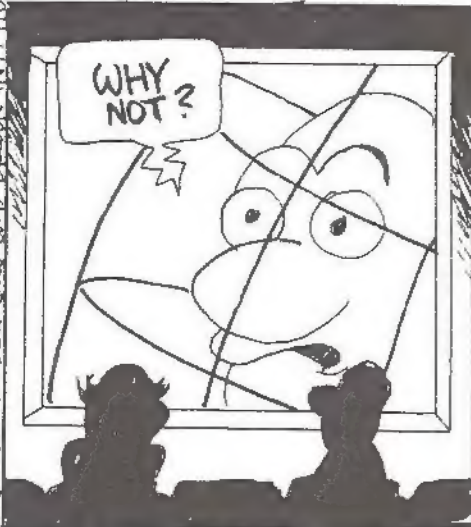
... AND YES, THIS MAN  
KEEPS HIS HEAD IN A  
BIRD CAGE!







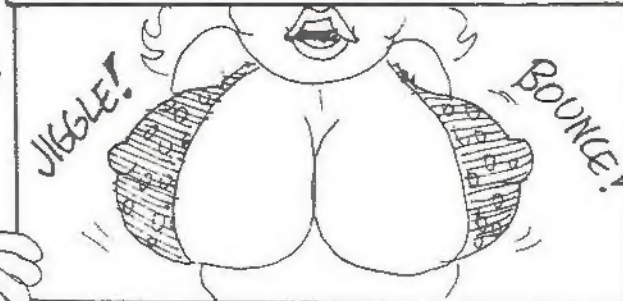
THE FOLLOWING SEQUENCE WAS DRAWN IN A HURRY!

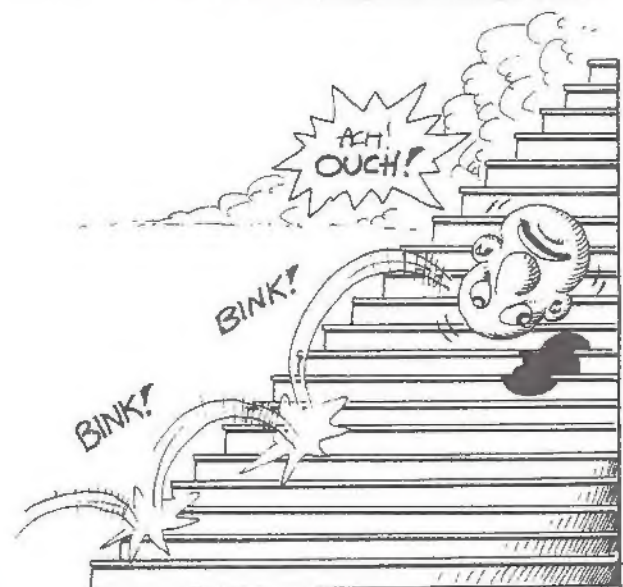
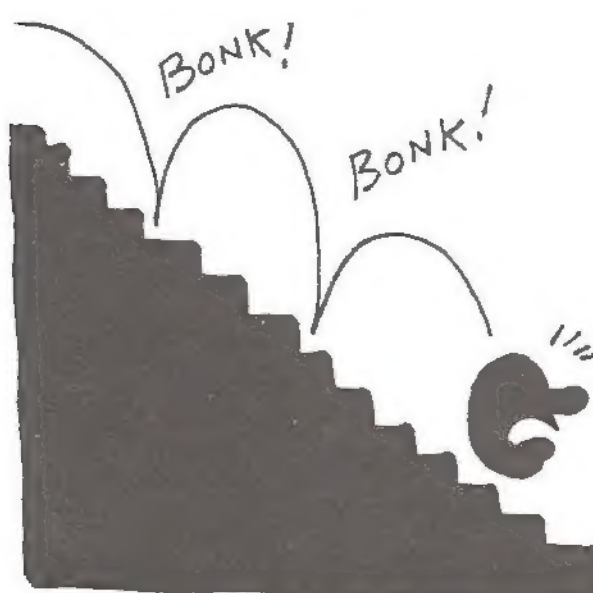
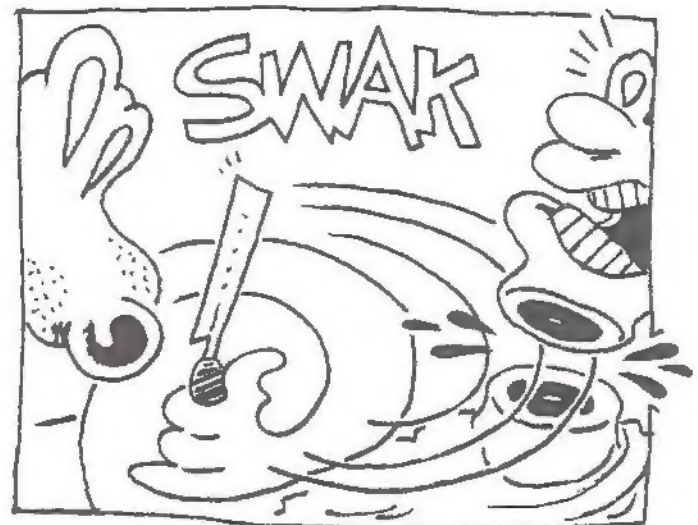
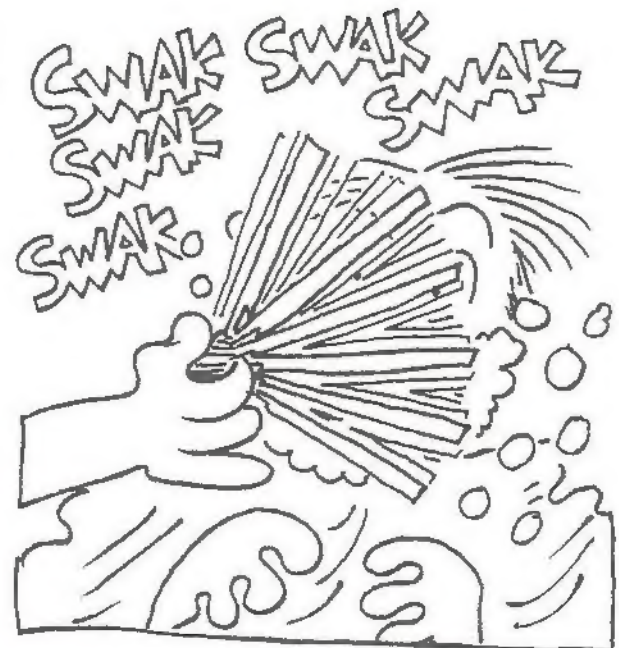


YOU'VE JUST SEEN AN EXCERPT FROM THE NEW MARLON BRANDON FILM, "THEY SAVED HITLER'S HEAD IN A BIRD CAGE AFTER SHAVING OFF ALL OF HIS HAIR AND GIVING HIM A SILLY FAKE NAME AND FALSE I.D. AND JUST EVERYTHING, PART 2" SO, WHAT DID YOU THINK OF THE MOVIE, SAMUELL?

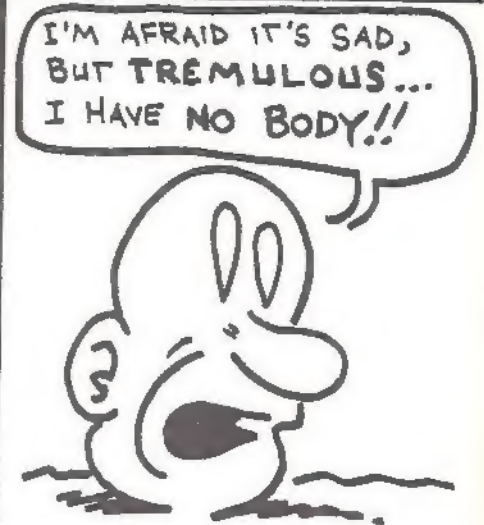
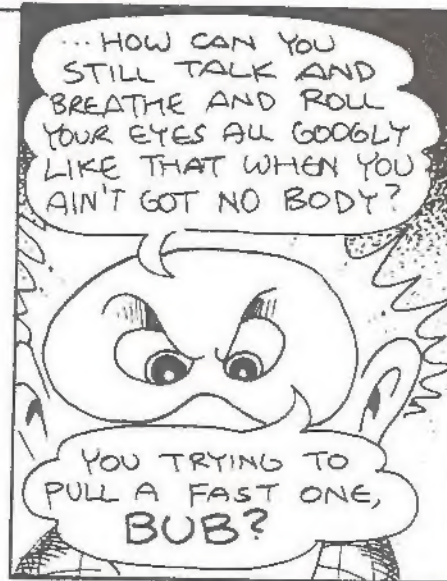


WE INTERRUPT THIS COMIC STRIP FOR A BIT OF TOTALLY GRATUITOUS SEXUAL TITILATION, JUST TO ANNOY THOSE OF YOU WHO THINK THERE IS ALREADY FAR TOO MUCH OF THIS SORT OF THING AROUND THESE DAYS!!!





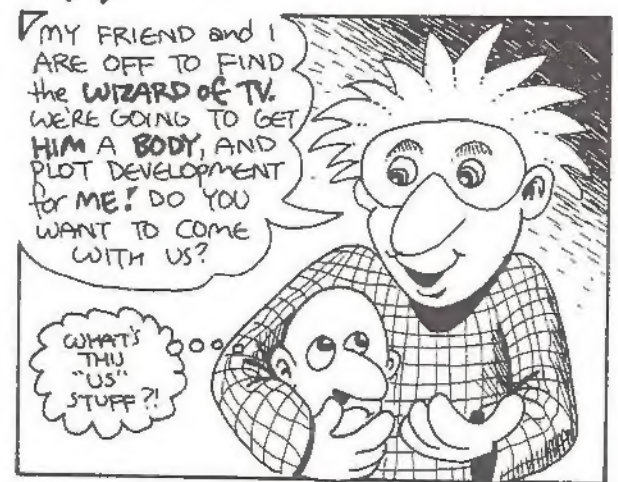
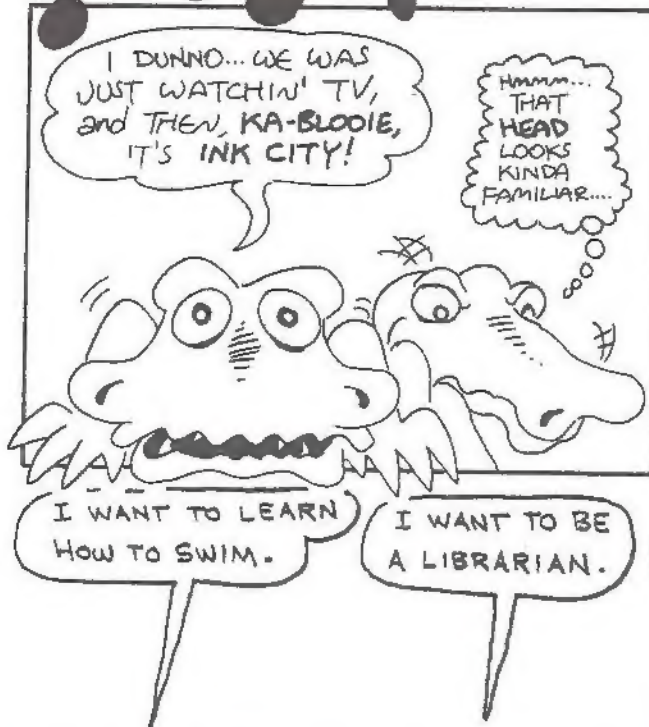




\* SUNG TO THE TUNE OF "NOWHERE MAN" © LENNON/McCARTNEY.





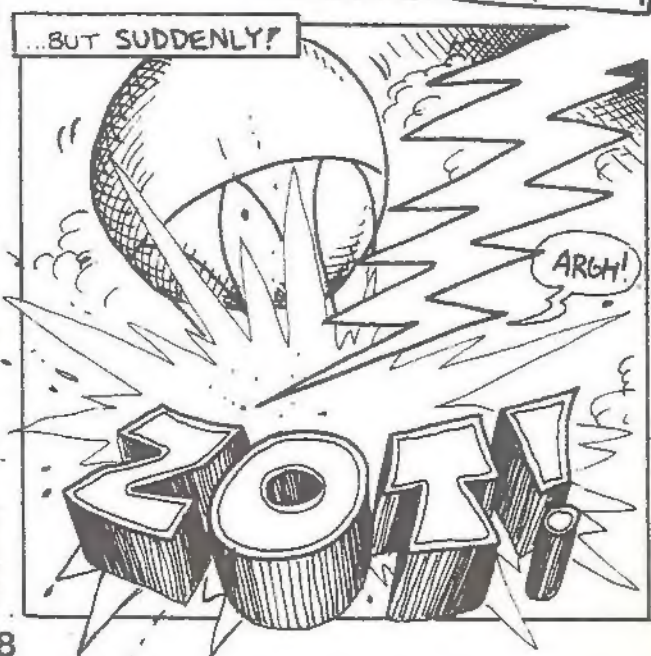
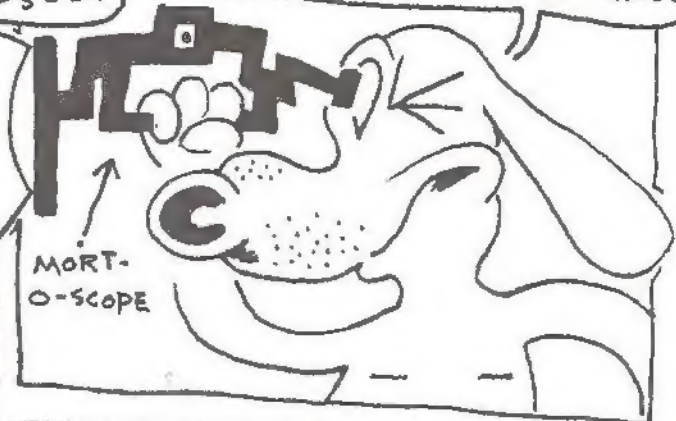




OH I'D EAT THE WATER CRITTERS  
AND GIVE THE FISHIES JITTERS  
IF I ONLY KNEW TO SWIM.  
OH I'D NIBBLE ON A DUCKY,  
BE A 'GATOR WHO IS LUCKY  
IF I ONLY KNEW TO SWIM.



THE POOR FOOLS --- LITTLE DO THEY KNOW WHAT SORT OF CHARACTER THE  
WIZARD OF TV REALLY IS! THE WIZ EATS  
BRAINS FOR BREAKFAST! I MUST HELP THOSE  
KIDS ---





WHAT THE  
HAIL WAS  
THAT?!?

I'VE GOTTA DO SOMETHING  
ABOUT ALL THE AIR-TRAFFIC  
AROUND THIS PLACE! THAT'S  
THE THIRD TIME THIS MONTH  
I'VE UNLEASHED A BOLT  
OF ZIP-ZAP® LIGHTNING  
TO OFF SOME FOOL, ONLY  
TO HAVE SOME DAMN THING  
GET IN THE WAY!

BEAM  
ME UP  
SCOTTY!

LUCY!  
I'M  
HOME!

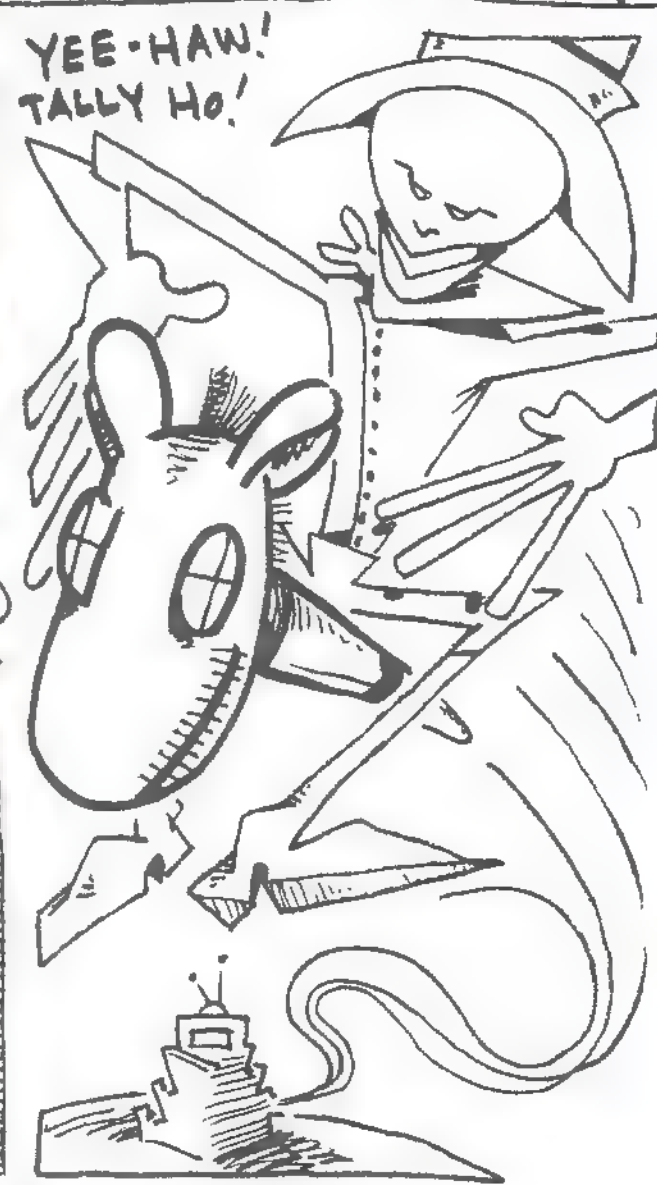
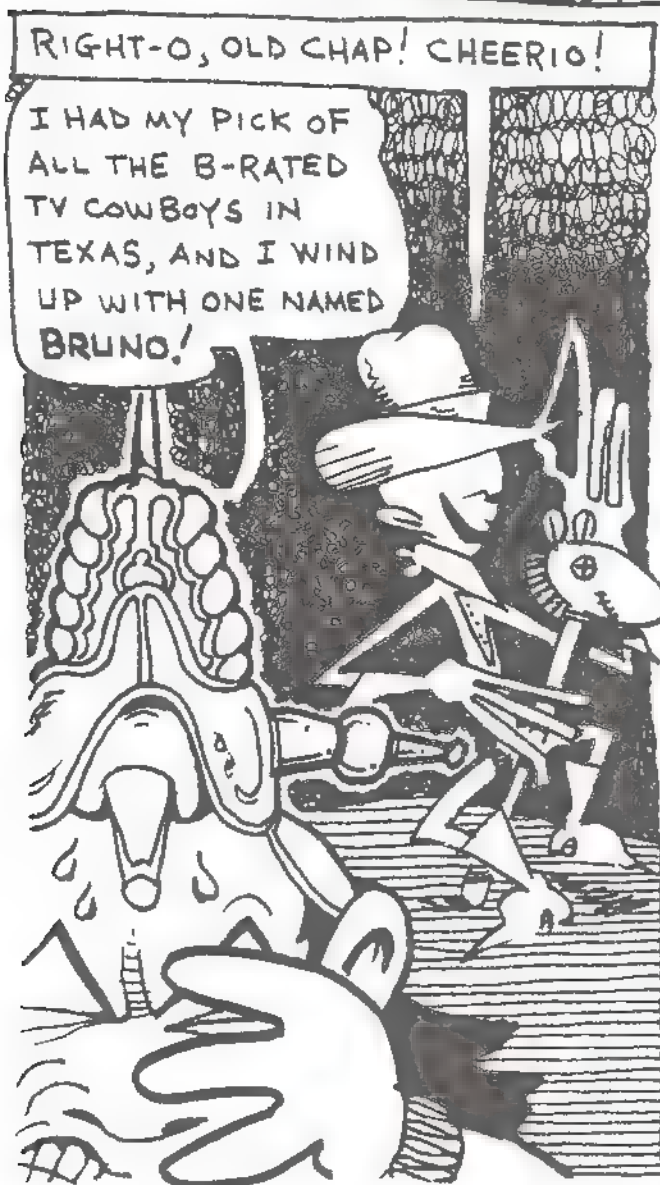
TO THE  
MOON,  
ALICE!

...IF IT  
AIN'T ONE  
THING, IT'S  
ANOTHER...

WHAM!  
WHAM!

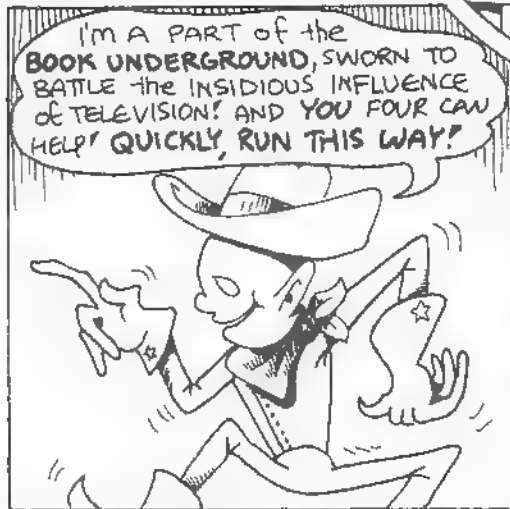
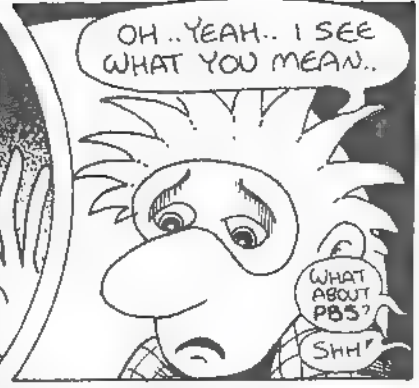
GUESS I'LL  
HAVE TO  
TRY A MORE  
DIRECT  
APPROACH..

HEY-BRUNO!  
GETCHER BUTT IN  
HERE! I'VE GOT A  
COUPLE A BOZOS W  
SECTOR SIX WHAT  
NEED TAKEN  
CARE OF!



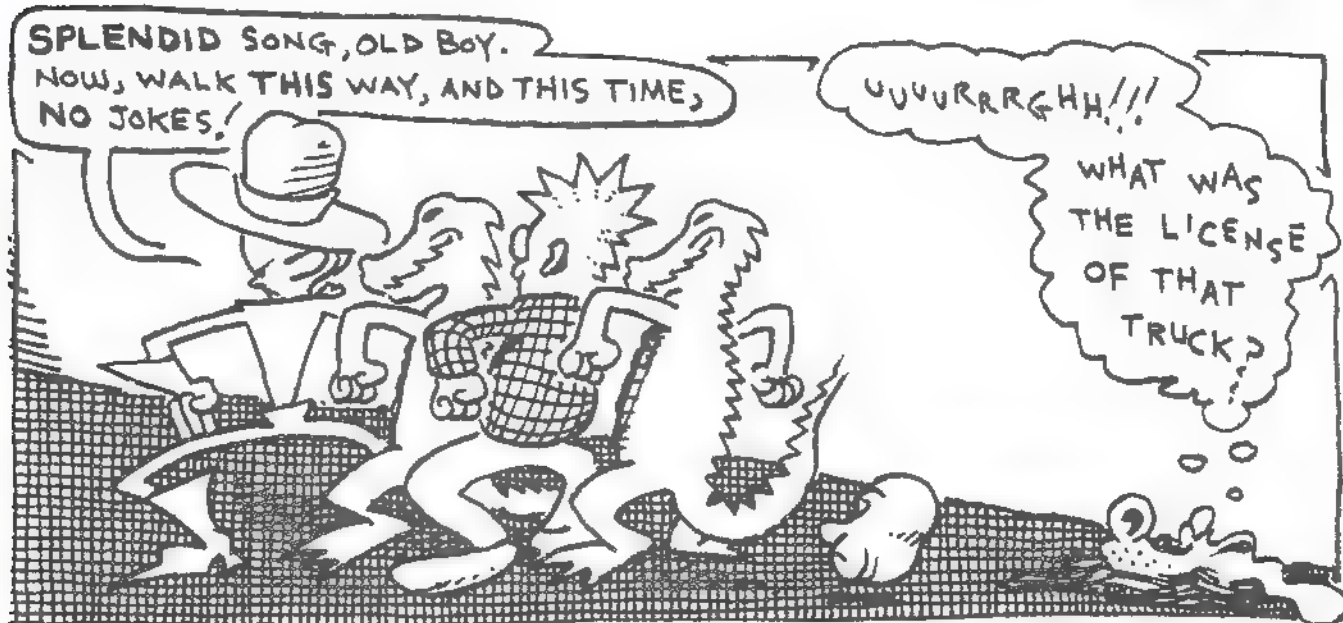








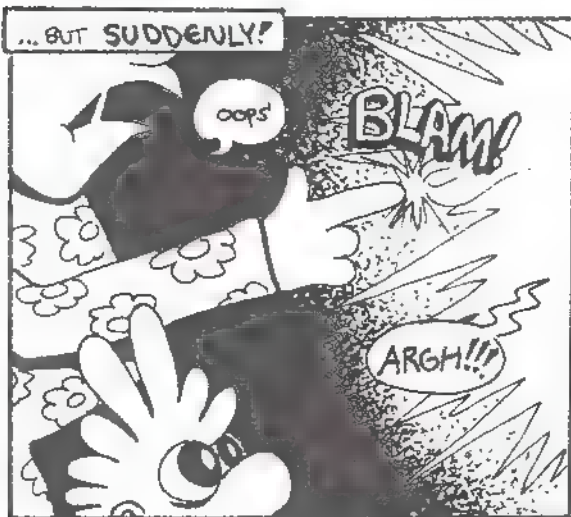
OH- ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪  
 THOSE BOOKS I'D BE A-CARRYIN'  
 AS A POINTY-TOOTHED LIBRARIAN  
 IF I WAS A BIBLIO-HEAD.  
 (DEE DEE DEE DEEDLY-DUM)  
 I'D GET SAPPY AND GOOEY  
 CONTEMPLATING DEWEY  
 IF I WAS A BIBLIO-HEAD!  
 ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪



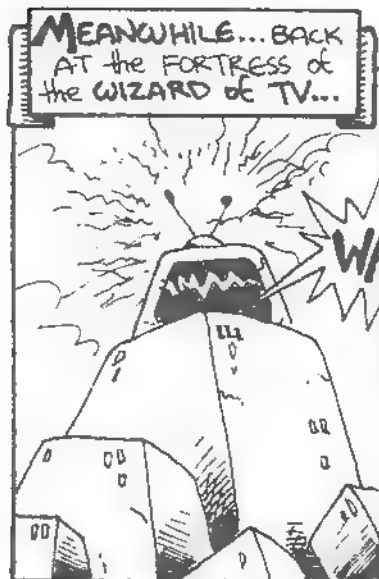
GOOD, THEY'RE GONE. NOW I CAN PULL MYSELF TOGETHER AND ....?!



WE'RE THE MINOR CHARACTERS WHO HAVE BEEN PUSHED ASIDE IN THIS STORY. WE WANT YOU TO LEAD OUR ARMY. WE'RE GONNA FIGHT OUR WAY BACK IN!

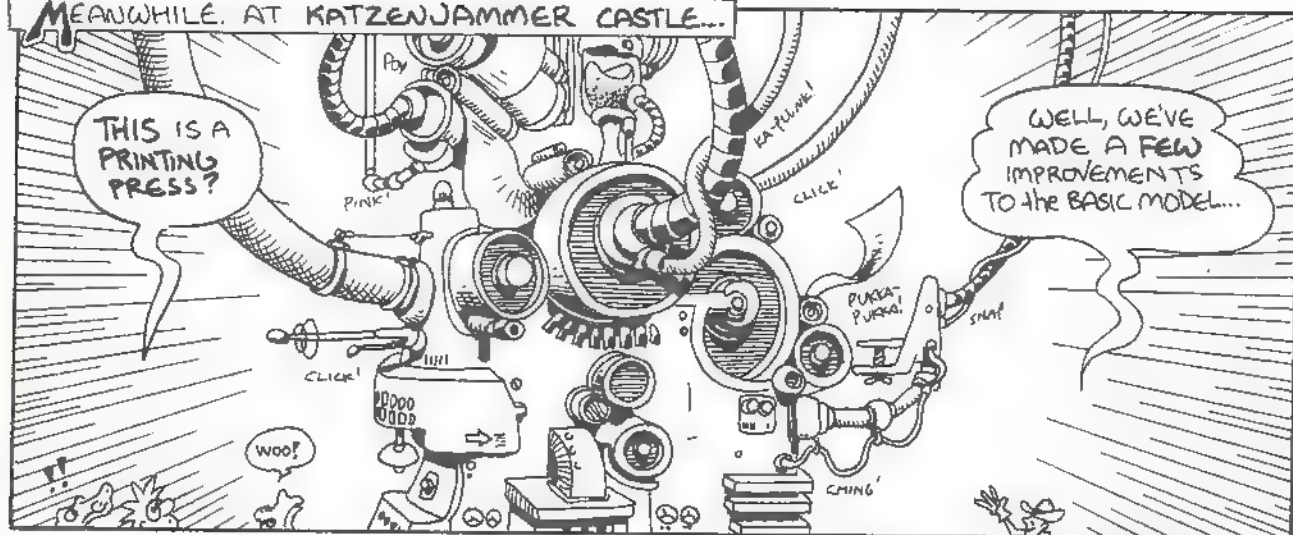


HEY! DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO UNLOAD YOUR FINGER BEFORE WE LEFT HOME?

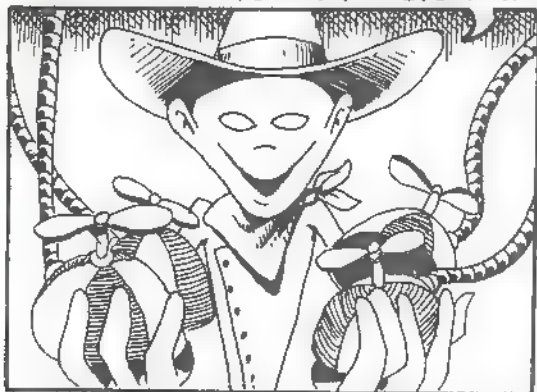


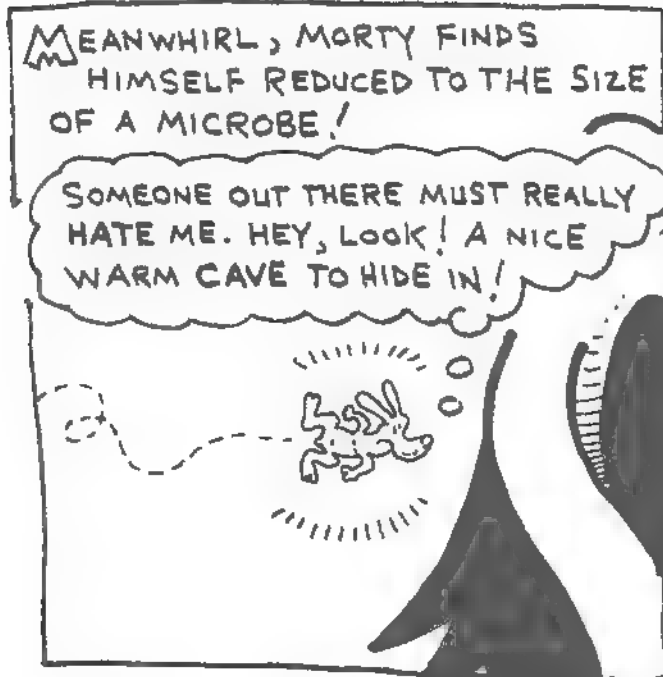


MEANWHILE. AT KATZENJAMMER CASTLE...



HERE, PUT ON THESE HELMETS! THEY'LL LINK YOU DIRECTLY TO THE PRINTER MATRIX—IT DOES AWAY WITH HAVING TO USE CLUMSY TYPEWRITER KEYBOARDS!

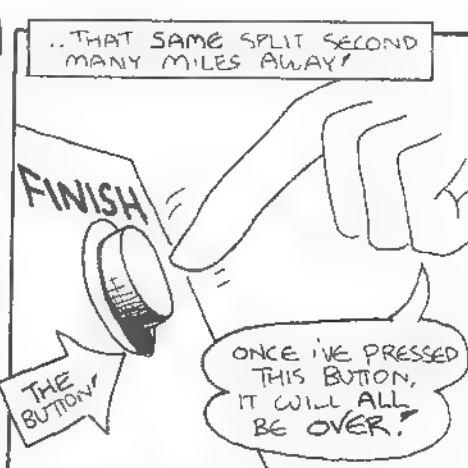






AND OUTSIDE KATZENJAMMER CASTLE--

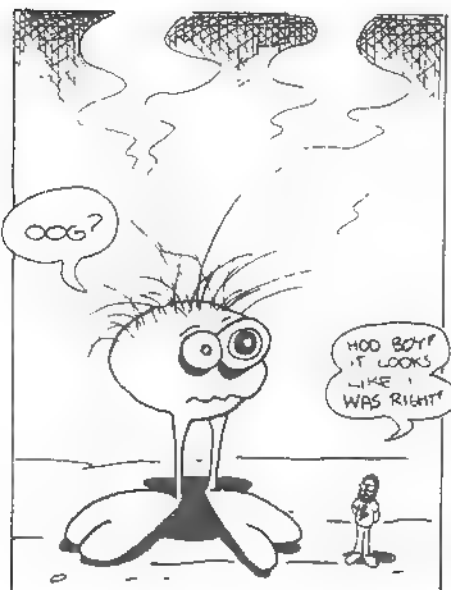




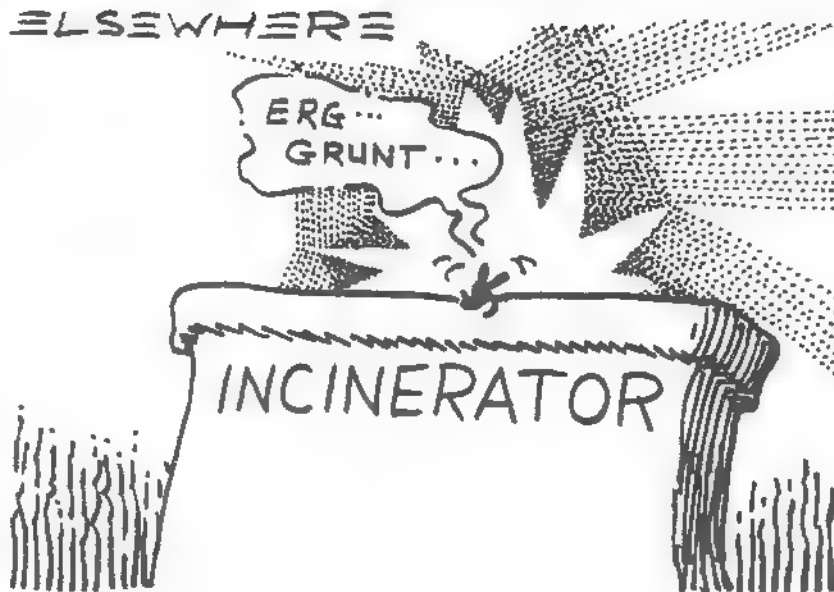
WOW! LOOK AT THAT!

OFFHAND, I'D SAY IT LOOKS AMAZINGLY AS IF, SOMEHOW, TWO DIAMETRICALLY OPPOSITE SUB-NUCLEAR-FORCE CHAIN-REACTION-WAVES HAVE BEEN SIMULTANEOUSLY ACTIVATED, THUS RESULTING IN A TOTAL RENDING OF THE FABRIC OF TIME AND SPACE, LOCALIZED SOLELY AROUND THE MINOR CHARACTERS CAUSING THEM TO MERGE AND UNDERGO A TRULY BIZARRE METAMORPHOSIS!

OF COURSE, I COULD BE WRONG



ELSEWHERE







30<sup>th</sup> SUDDENLY

WHAT'S THIS  
CLIMBING UP  
MY PANTS?

ARGH!!!!

YA KNOW, I COULD  
HAVE SWORN  
THAT ..

NAW! THAT'S  
CRAZY.

NOW, WHERE  
the HELL IS  
MY **HAT?**

SAY, HERE'S A THOUGHT! WHY DON'T WE SWITCH THE SCENE AGAIN! EVERYONE AGREE? LET'S SEE A SHOW OF HANDS... ONE, FOUR, SEVEN. . . UH-HUH. YEP. IT'S A MAJORITY - TIME TO MOVE ONCE MORE. AND SO... (WAIT FOR IT!) MEANWHILE

MEANWHILE.

woo!

EXCUSE ME,  
BUT CAN YOU  
FOLKS TELL ME  
HOW TO GET  
BACK TO TEXAS?

YA KNOW, IF  
YOU JUST RELAX  
and GO WITH  
T, THIS CAN  
BE KINDA FUN!

UH, WE'RE  
KINDA TIE  
UP NOW.

OH, I  
CAN FIX  
THAT!

oog?





MEANWHILE---



AND ELSEWHERE---

ONLY HALF A CUP, PLEASE.  
LOVE THE RICH TASTE, BUT IT'S  
THE PUKING I CAN'T STAND.



NOW HOLD ON HERE! THIS  
IS GETTING WAY TOO SILLY!  
MEAN, THIS IS A TOTAL  
BREAKDOWN OF EVEN THE  
MINIMAL LOGICAL STORY  
PROGRESSION WE'VE  
HAD SO FAR!



I AGREE, BUT WHAT'S  
CAUSING IT? WE  
CERTAINLY HAVE LITTLE  
IF ANY CONTROL OF  
OUR OWN ACTIONS...



YEAH! IT'S LIKE THE GUY  
WITH THE BEARD SAID  
BACK ON PAGE 18...  
SOME INCREDIBLY  
SELF-INDULGENT GOD  
IS JUST TOYING WITH US!



YES, THAT HAS TO BE  
IT! AND I KNOW  
WHO IT IS—LOOK  
OUT THERE...

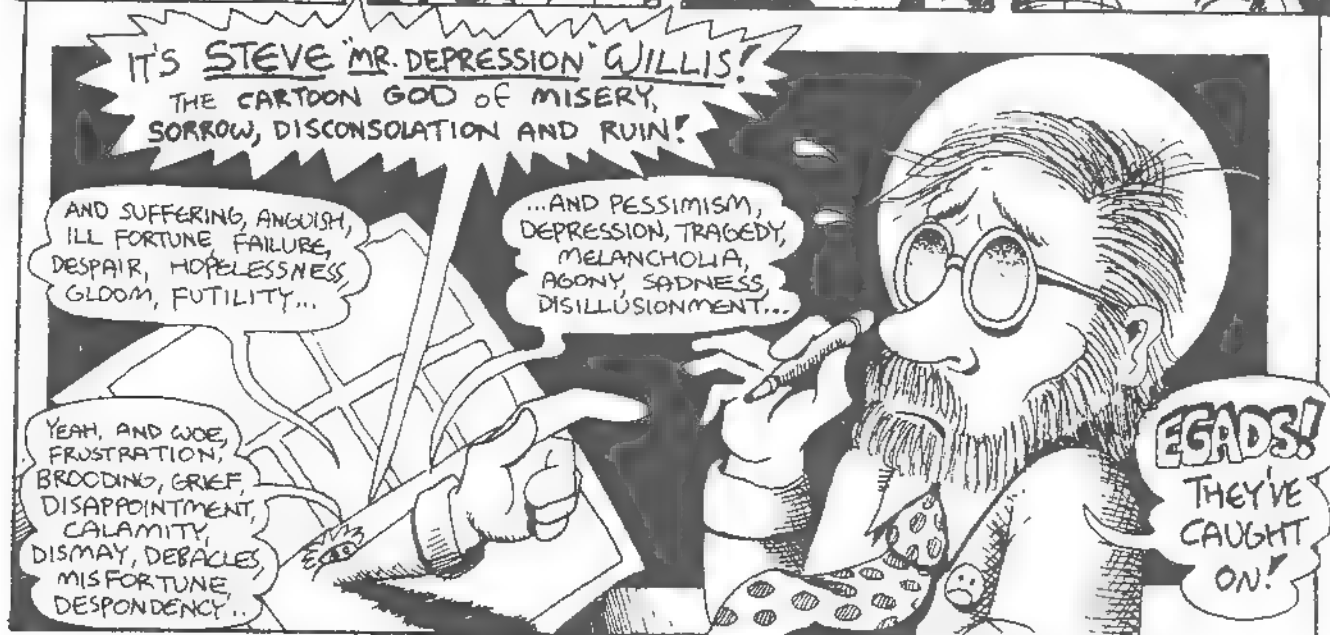


IT'S STEVE "MR. DEPRESSION" WILLIS!  
THE CARTOON GOD OF MISERY,  
SORROW, DISCONSOLATION AND RUIN!

AND SUFFERING, ANGUISH,  
ILL FORTUNE, FAILURE,  
DESPAIR, HOPELESSNESS,  
GLOOM, FUTILITY...

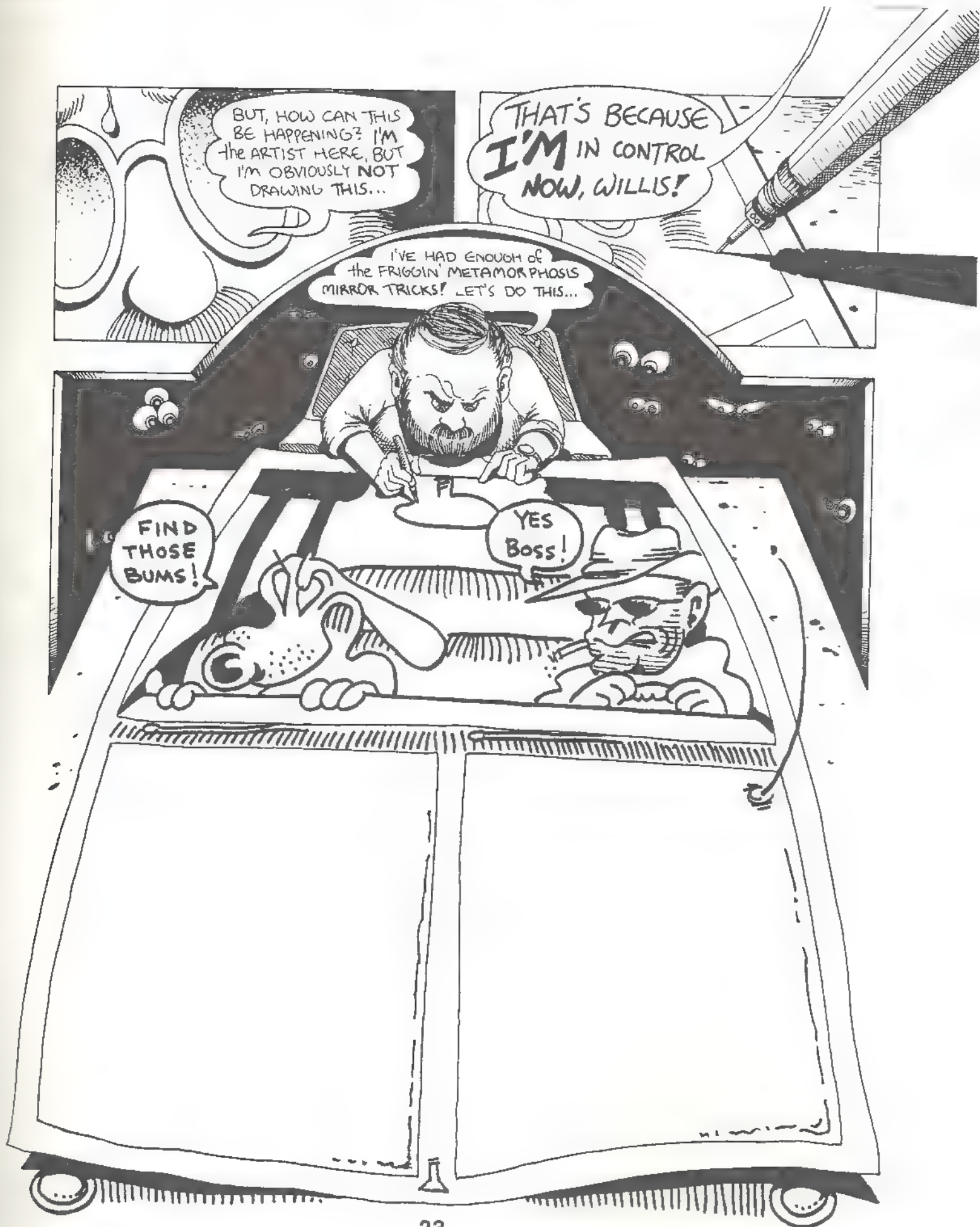
...AND PESSIMISM,  
DEPRESSION, TRAGEDY,  
MELANCHOLIA,  
AGONY, SADNESS,  
DISILLUSIONMENT...

YEAH, AND GUESS,  
FRUSTRATION,  
BROODING, GRIEF,  
DISAPPOINTMENT,  
CALAMITY,  
DISMAY, DEBACLES,  
MISFORTUNE,  
DESPONDENCY...



EGADS!  
THEY'VE  
CAUGHT  
ON!







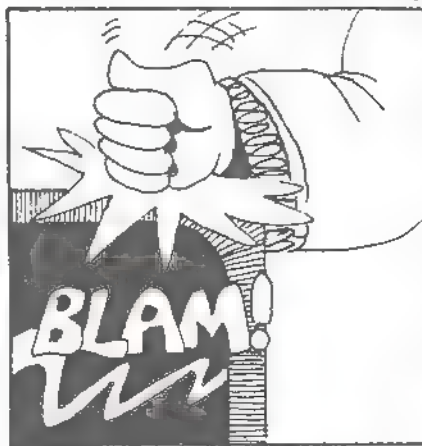
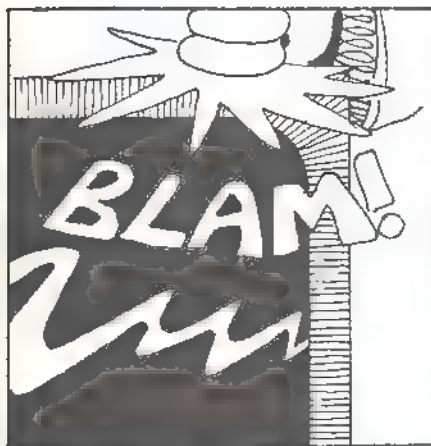


AND IN THE CAR---

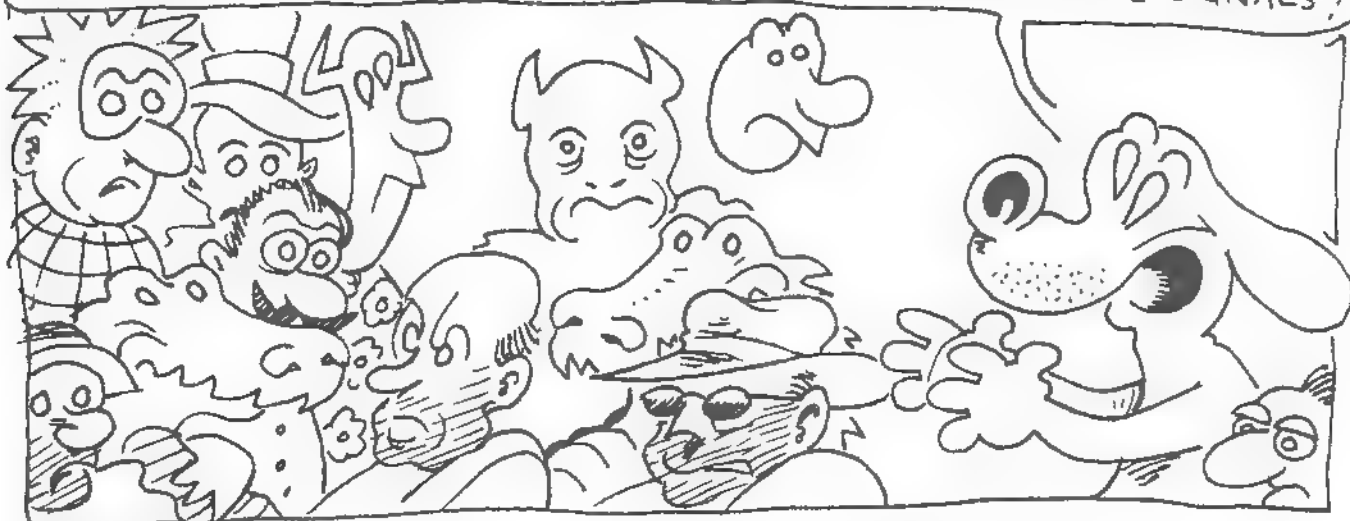
AH-HA! THE  
"SLEAZE METER"  
IS TICKING!  
WE'RE GETTING  
CLOSE!



... BUT SUDDENLY!



SNAP OUT OF IT! THE WIZARD IS UNDER THE DELUSION THAT WE'RE ONLY "SUNSPOTS SCREWING UP THE REALITY WAVES OF THE INCOMING SIGNALS!"



ZOMBIES! THE WHOLE LOT OF 'EM!  
WHAT GIVES!?!



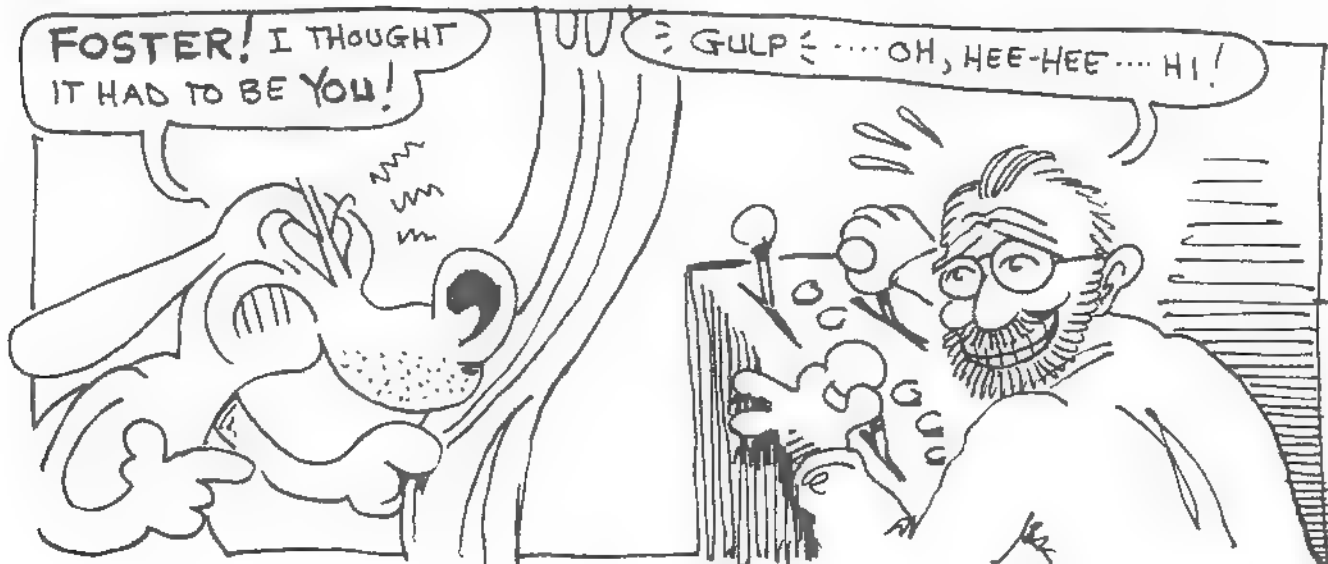
HMM... THAT  
CURTAIN!

PAY NO ATTENTION  
TO THE MAN  
BEHIND THE  
CURTAIN!



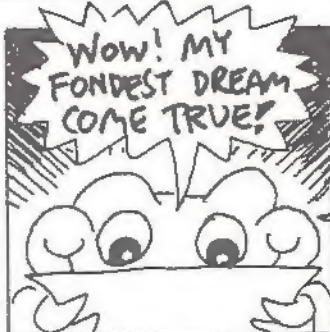
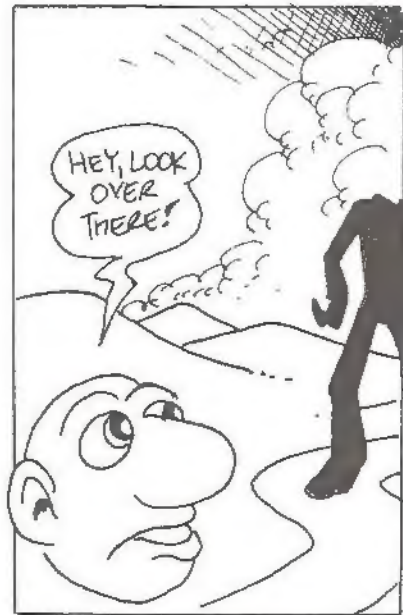
FOSTER! I THOUGHT  
IT HAD TO BE YOU!

GULP... OH, HEE-HEE... HI!





... BUT SUDDENLY!



(ARTY BLANK SPACE COURTESY OF STEVE.)



MEANWHILE, THE WIZARD PUT HIS HAT ON "HIGH SPEEDING SPEW", LEAVING HIM IN GORKED-OUT BLISS ...



ALL THE SECONDARY CHARACTERS CONVERTED TO HARE KRISHNA ...



FOSTER AND WILLIS SIT IN A BAR IN EL PASO, DISCUSSING "MATURITY IN COMIX"...

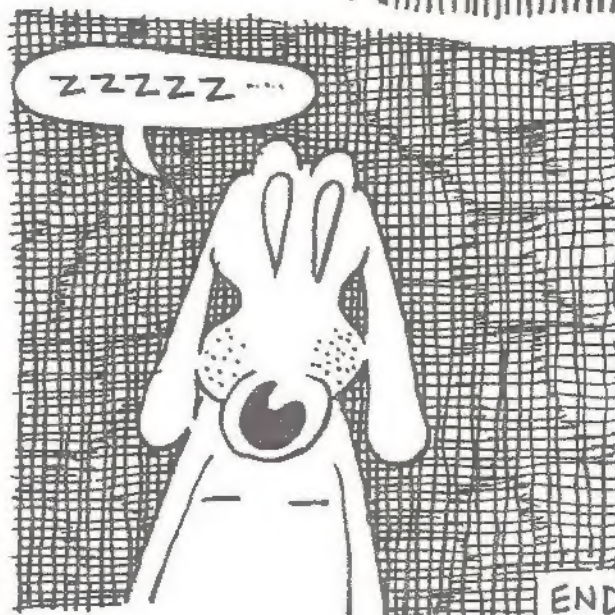
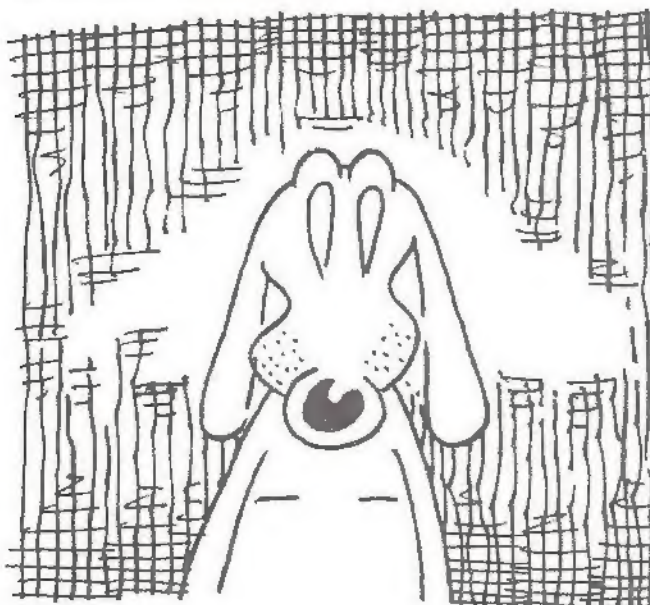
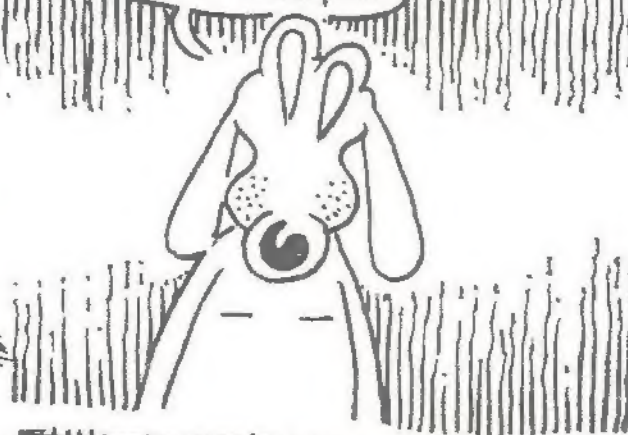
... AND BACK WHEN I USED TO CLEAN CARPETS ...

WALLY! ANOTHER ROUND OF COFFEE FOR MY PAL HERE ...



AND SO, EVERYONE IS HAPPY...

... PRETTY BORING, ACTUALLY ...



END



*Steven Lundy Willis was born in 1974 in Humptulips, Washington, the youngest of eight children. A child genius, he graduated with honors from the University of Washington with a Ph.D. in Philosophy at the age of seven in 1981. He has discovered a cure for cancer but will not release the formula until people stop addressing him as "Dr. Shorty". In the meantime, he amuses himself (but few others) by drawing silly pictures on weekends and pretending to be a giant robot the rest of the week. His association with Brad Foster began, as Willis recalls, "When this bearded character in a trench coat approached me and asked, 'Hey kid, wanna buy some dirty comix?' "*

*Bradley Wayne Joseph Mark Foster (the VIII) was born to a wealthy family of European royalty. But, like many, he fled Europe during the war (exactly which war is still up to conjecture due to liberal use of plastic surgery). Turning his back on the fabulous wealth and position that were his birthright, he opted instead for the life of the Artist. However, at his first gallery showing, he was severely beaten by the critics for what they referred to as "an unforgivable lack of talent". This his future course became clear-- he was to be a cartoonist. And the rest, as they say, is a tiny footnote to history.*

